

The Hebrew

—The Eternal Life He planted amongst us.—

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The Hebrew

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LIFE AT A GERMAN WATERING PLACE.

A BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.

CHAPTER I.—OUR HOTEL.

Charles Lamb gossips in his delightful way upon the names of books, showing how certain authors' names seem to bring up with them a sort of fragrance, or even music. He instances Kit, Marlowe, Drummond of Hawthornden, and some more. Had the same vein pursued him, had he loved Fleet-street less and traveling more, and ever have found himself as I find myself now, under the white curtains of a very white window in a very white room, looking on the cheerful gardens of our Wiesbaden hotel, he would surely have fallen into a speculation on the names of hotels—how they fit their character, and have a fragrance of their own, and we should, perhaps, have had one delightful paper the more in Elia.

The name of our house is The Rose, or Rosenhaus, or, prettier still, Hotel de la Rose. Elia, seeing it in his Bradshaw, would have driven straight to it. A charming little settlement. You like saying the word over many times in the day, as if you were ringing a little silver handbell. "I am at the Rose," "Just come from the Rose," "Going to dine at the Rose," with more to the like song. Yet we drive through zig-zag streets, that twist like forced spring, that are no longer than some dozen yards, where great houses are set down capriciously—now with corners forward, now sides, now fronts, now backs, like the little toy towns of delightful memory, bought for us when children—consisting of a dozen solid little houses, which we could set up just as we pleased, building a new town every day with inexhaustible variety. Emerging from one of these little lanes, we drive up right into our settlement of The Rose.

Our settlement—that is, our Rose—consists of many houses, as it were, of many leaves; part of it is over the way, part of it to the right, part to the left. All these rosebuds, however, are grouped about a delightful and most inviting garden, with bowers, and arbours, and alcoves, where the guests filled with good things, are fond of wandering. At breakfast and dinner times, when the bell rings out, you see the company trooping from the scattered houses—from these out settlements—across the garden.

Our rose is bright cream color, and every window has its cream-colored eyelids, or "jalousies," which sometimes flap noisily all together. Yet it does not glare; for as you look up, it seems to lie at the foot of a green bank just overhead, which is well furnished with more yellow houses: all as bright and festive looking as can be conceived. Just over our garden we can see a walk covered in with light iron-work, the light work hidden away by vines and creepers, and people pass and repass on this, pausing now and then to look down into our garden; while we who are smoking languidly, like Moslems, with our ladies busy with work, look up in turn and see gentlemen in grey hats with broad black bands, and moustaches—that look as if swelled and inflated, they stick out so bluntly and puffy—and who carry little red goblets out before them, as if wishing some one else to drink it for them. Pass, too, ladies in broad straw hats, also hospitably obtruding their tumblers. In short, we see a patch of the moving procession of drinkers, who are now on their "beat," and trying to cool their liquor, which the young lady of the fountain has drawn for them raging hot.

I like everything about our Rose, it is so white and clean, so spacious, with such a fine dining-hall, like a convent refectory, with a gallery at the top for musicians to play in. There we dine a hundred and fifty strong. There shaven boy-waiters, always gay and free with you, yet not disrespectful, send to and fro, and proffer the welcome dish. There Bullington—very hearty, and fresh as a sea captain—talks loudly to the attendants in his native tongue and is understood by them, and says to his brother that they are really becoming civilized in these places. There our host, who must have as much on his mind as a cabinet minister, hovers about at all hours with a calm melancholy on his face, which has all the shaven blueness of one of the Spanish mucheros in Mr. Philip's pictures. He is a gentleman; but his life is one long dinner. Dinner in some stage prevails the whole day long, and the guests rush to the assault at one, and at five. There are Britons among whose whole soul is in their meals, and who, from noon, are restlessly looking at their watches, fearful of being surprised. I like, too, our breakfasts—in their simplest character: the freshest and coolest of butter, the best of milk, and the delicious "close" white little rolls, all of which, in many a morning walk, I have seen the cleanest and most comfortable of peasants carrying in to the town from neighboring market gardens. And I like our little eccentric brass kettles in the shape of diving-bells, with brass stands for spirit-lamps, which are quaint to look at. Our host, too, has pleasant ways about him, which makes him welcome, and us sorry to leave him. Of a Monday, perhaps, our hall is filled with huge trunks coming down, and a great omnibus standing at the gate is being loaded. Many guests are standing to see other guests off, and very often a pleasant little party is broken up and scattered. Then our host seen sitting about; and he has a

pretty little custom of his own which makes those who go think hereafter of the Rose with pleasure. Every departing lady finds on her table a charming bouquet made artistically, in a pretty little silver-looking holder. These little courtesies take off the rude surface of bill-paying, and remove the commercial sense of the intimacy. And thus, hereafter, we think very pleasantly of Herr Alten, and his "Rose Hotel," and his "Garten Haus," and gardens and bowers where we had our after-dinner council, and where in the morning the ladies sat and worked.

CHAPTER II.—OUR GAMING-HOUSE.

The pattern of this house of entertainment, where the "game is made," is different from that of other houses. By the law of gaming, two parasites seem always to flourish under its shelter, to be almost necessary, and absolutely to adhere to its sides. These are: first, the "Restoration"—the dinners, suppers, ices, coffees, sorbets, and cognacs, with which all gambling settlements must be supplied, just as a regular city must be with wholesome water; and, secondly, the long ranges of shops and bazaars for jewelry and nick-nacks, whose only claim to public support is that they shall be strictly useless. Here we are sure to find the Frankfort garnets and crystals, the rude brown Tyrolean carvings, served by the theatrical Tyrolean man and his family, each about as brown and rude as their carvings; the sham young Turk, with his sham Turkish gewgaws made at Lyons, who sits "an sultan," as other sham Turks sit in Regent-street and in the Rue de Rivoli—the old pictures, as raw as if they were done in red clay; and tiny eye-glasses—the "pincenez"—without focus, and only to be used as a coquetish instrument. These are necessary for gambling life; for, as extravagance wins, so extravagance must spend.

The lessons learnt at home about "throwing away money" make the young traveller almost start, as he sees gold and silver tossed about here so recklessly across the Board of Green Cloth. The croupiers seem to him calm and superior beings, with all the finish of complete gentlemen, with a dash of courteous chivalry, instead of mere tradesmen and civil shopkeepers, which many of them are. The players are all Russian noblemen and gallant adventurers, with an air of interest hanging about them, instead of being, as they are, the "double extract" of vagabond rascality and cracked character.

Respectable middle class ladies taking their first glass of spa water on their first travels, become so dazzled and flattered by the cheap courtesies of those who sit next them, so elated with winning a wretched one-and-eightpence for a night or two in succession, that it is almost amusing to watch how they are led into sitting down formally at the board, and grow into friendly familiarity with the scrubby foreign scamps about them. The simple husband looks on with pride as he notes how admirable are the friendly relations which foreign travel brings about, and how stiffly and stupidly we manage things at home. He, too, in his own department, has staked his dwindled one-and-eightpence, and in a fever of agitation has clutched his prize. He has shown the precious coin, to his wife, who should share in all his triumphs. Their rest that night is very sweet, for they have been chuckling over the notion of paying all their expenses with their winnings.

In a few days, however, all is changed; the fatal "run" has come, all the mendicant silver—won with such pains and fluttering of the heart (enough to bring on confirmed palpitation)—has drifted away, with much more. There are anxious looks—sour looks—hostile looks—and even unpleasant altercation. One had warned the other, had clearly prophesied—do him that justice at least—that all this would come to pass. To which it is replied, what was the use of that sort of thing now; it was enough to have lost without being worried. There is no such test of the true quality of temper as a trifling reverse at this place, and we can fancy a scarlet Mephistopheles standing by with his head decorated with a cock's feather, chuckling.

To stand by and see the wreck of "a system" is one of the most dismal spectacles in the world. The most marvellous thing is that the ship goes to pieces in a few minutes. There is a stout English gentleman, for instance, in a rich brown wig, and a flowing white waistcoat, who has discovered "a system," and has come to play it. We may suspect that he has been a good deal "knocked about," and has rubbed up against all manner of characters: for he talks in French and German with a fluency that more respectable people do not attain. He has his fixed place on the croupier's right; has a little volume on gaming, beautifully scored in red and black lines, and has, besides, a black crop-haired twinkling-eyed aide-de-camp, whose duty it is to do hurried arithmetic, and lay down the money. Before the chief is to be seen a most inviting and varied pile; two fat rouleaux, three heaps of golden double Fredericks, and three or four heaps of heavy double florins. Every morning he comes, and a gaming menial secures his place for him, according to the formula, by laying a bit of silver on a card, and there he sits from eleven until about two.

The system consists of beginning with a couple of florins. If he wins, the same sum, and a little more is put down on the other color; if he loses, double is put down on the first color. Generally he loses for, say three or four turns, but then all would come right again. The system flourished. People began to talk of the burly Englishman and his system; and it was known that he was winning steadily and surely about forty Napoleons a day. It was hard and severe work, but it was sure, and he was content with small gains.

Once or twice came what fast men pleasantly called "a squeak." Luck seemed to take pleasure in "dodging" him, and as often as he changed his color, it perversely changed too. Gradually his arithmetic grew complicated—the arithmetician aide-de-camp had to do large sums, and at last reached five hundred florins, which would be one thousand two hundred and forty or so the next time. It really did come to that, and the burly Englishman gasped a little as he staked. But the right color came up, and he was saved.

It went on for a fortnight, when one morning I came in just as he has got into one of these

crises. It was eight hundred florins. It was two thousand. The aide-de-camp is agitated. The leader is white and red with agitation. He has to visit a private bank in his breast-pocket, and takes out rustling notes of a thousand francs. He loses again. More notes, more losses. He has to abandon the system in confusion. The whole thing is over in ten minutes. The ship has gone to pieces—system, numbers, calculations, aide-de-camp, everything is swept under, and in a few seconds more is heard the fatal shriek of the foot of the chair violently pushed back upon the polished floor. The croupiers, who have had infinite trouble during the last fortnight announcing his calculations, grin and chuckle as he goes; but I see their superintendent stamp his foot angrily, and "gronder" them through his teeth! The decencies must be kept up, and we must respect misfortune. The poor burly Englishman and his aide are seen no more; but it is the old, old, very oldest story.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

MISS HORSFALL THE GREAT HEIRESS.

EXTRAORDINARY IMPOSITION.

The Leeds Mercury says:—We lately published an account of the career in Leeds of the young lady who pretended to be the niece of Mr. Horsfall, M. P., and who has been committed to the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court on three distinct charges of embezzlement. The following particulars relate to her proceedings in Birmingham: As Miss Horsfall, the reputed niece of the rich member for Liverpool, she found no difficulty in obtaining jewels, dresses, and other costly articles, such as a young heiress with expensive tastes might be supposed to require; and, by dealing with her "uncle"—not the one whose name she bore, but an accommodating relation with a hooked nose, who sports the sign of the Three Balls—she raised enough money to carry on her game, and keep up a lady-like appearance. This was the state of things when a young gentleman from Birmingham arrived on a periodical visit to Leeds, and took up temporary quarters at the same hotel in which Miss Horsfall was residing. This young gentleman (whom we shall call Frank, for the sufficient reason that Frank is not his name), was travelling on a business tour for his father, who is a most respectable manufacturer, residing in a suburb of Birmingham. Frank saw and admired the charming Mary, who seemed to occupy a position in the hotel between that of a friend and a guest, and whose profuse liberality and co-descending manners, added to the reputation of great wealthiness, made her an object of no little regard. Frank found her affable, genial, and communicative; he had frequent opportunities of meeting her, and, to make a long story short, he fell in love with her. Nor was he doomed to despair, for the fair one confessed her preference for the ardent youth, and the upshot was that they were engaged to be married. By telling a story made up of the most flagrant untruths, this woman imposed upon a family who bear a high reputation for the strictest integrity, and whose natural love of truth may have disinclined them to distrust, while, by simultaneously pursuing a secret course of swindling, she was able to maintain her position in the eyes of those whom she had so impudently imposed upon.

Miss Horsfall came to Birmingham as the affianced wife of Frank, and was received by his family in that capacity. Her conduct was not in every respect satisfactory, but the minds of those disposed to believe the best are easily satisfied, and as Miss Horsfall added hypocrisy in religious affairs to her other fatal accomplishments, she managed to avoid detection for a time. The period for the wedding was fixed, and a house near the town was taken for the young couple to reside in. This house Miss Horsfall undertook to furnish from her own private resources; and she proceeded to carry out that undertaking in a style which showed that her "resources" were as large as her tastes were extravagant. Tradesmen in London sent down furniture worth hundreds of pounds to order. There were four or five piano-fortes from different makers, chairs worth ten or twelve pounds each—much too good to sit upon; cushions to cover them—also too valuable for ordinary use; carpets, tables, and household "fixings" of all kinds, all in the same grand style. The stable had to be enlarged to make room for the splendid carriage horses sent down from London and special provision had to be made for the smart groom who came to tend them. While all these preparations were in progress Miss Horsfall was the guest of the family of which, according to the programme, she was soon to be a cherished member; and she endeavored to show her gratitude for the kindness of her new-found friends by loading them with costly presents. She was lavish with her wealth, and even tried to mix herself up in the business affairs of her dear papa—that was to be. She offered Frank's father the use of several loose thousands belonging to her, if he chose to accept them; but the offer was declined, or "dear papa" might have been wheedled out of promissory notes in advance and have found them converted into hard cash for which he would have been liable.

The mechanism of Miss Horsfall's daring scheme appeared to work admirably. As the wife of an honest and respectable man, whose name she might legally bear in any contingency, she could better face the exposure that was bound to come some day, even if her new connections could have been prevailed upon to avoid public scandal by settling with her dupes. Or, perhaps, the bold adventurer really loved this young man, and was impelled by restless passion, regardless or reckless of consequences. Whatever her motives or expectations, she was anxious to get married as quickly as possible, anxious to spend as much time as possible in the society of her intended husband, and anxious to stand well with his relatives. But though, as we have said, the mechanism appeared to work well, there was a screw loose somewhere. Frank was not altogether satisfied with his bargain, and the evasion of his inquiries made him more determined to have the mystery cleared up with respect to the woman whom he

was about to marry. The required explanations were not forthcoming; the plot thickened; doubts in the young man's mind deepened into certainty, and the match was broken off. The resolve once made, it was firmly adhered to. All the arts of a passionate and desperate woman were exercised in vain. The heart that had proved so soft and pliant at Leeds was hard and firm as adamant at Birmingham; and the adventures, even though she urged that she could not survive the separation for three hours, was rejected by the man who had loved her. That the shock did not prove fatal is established by the fact that Miss Horsfall now lies in jail awaiting her trial on three charges of embezzlement. We believe that the family who have suffered so much annoyance by her perfidy have acted most honorably all through the matter, even to the assumption of liabilities they were not bound to undertake. Even since her imprisonment Miss Horsfall has written to the family of her intended husband, imploring a continuation of their friendship in the trouble, and making violent professions of religious sentiment, which, we hope rather than believe, to be the result of sincere repentance.

WATER.

Once, when out in an open boat in a short chopping sea threatening to swamp us every minute, and cross waves like liquid obelisks starting up in all directions, while the boatmen had to keep a sharp look-out to save our little bark from capsizing, my companion, a person of no mean attainments, after careful observation of the waves, and, as I supposed, appreciation of our danger, suddenly exclaimed, "What a singular form of matter Water is!"

Whether in consequence of the high-strung feelings of the moment, or through the justice of the remark itself, it fixed itself in my memory; and frequently, whether beholding the great sea or a full bucket fetched from the pump; whether gazing at a mighty river, with its wealthy burdens, ever flowing onward, or borne on a lake in whose limpid depths you see water-fowl diving and fishes glancing; or stretched in a bath from a mineral spring, which is hot when it issues from the earth; the idea ever haunts me that I am in the presence of a wonderful creation under most remarkable conditions, and I say to myself, again and again, "What a singular form of matter Water is!"

Water is paradoxical and contradictory in its outward and apparent qualities: It is at once hard and soft, yielding and resisting. It gives way, when permitted to do so, with marvellous facility. The slightest and lightest substance dropped upon it is admitted to its embrace, in strict accordance and proportion to its deserts and its destiny. So small a substance as a grain of sand is allowed to find its natural place at the bottom. A hydrostatic or water-bed is the easiest of couches, so easy, in fact, that some invalids cannot bear its excessive pliancy and complete adaptation to the form of the sleeper. Hence the notion of Descartes and others, that to explain the phenomena of water, its ultimate particles must be oblong, smooth, and flexible, lying one upon another like eels in a tub.

But water of a given temperature, confined, is of astounding hardness; it is as good as incomprehensible at that temperature: for what is a reduction of from forty-four to forty-eight millionths parts of its volume under a pressure equal to that of the atmosphere? Many solid matters—wood for instance—can be squeezed into a much smaller space than their original bulk; the packer's art has attained wonderful perfection in inclosing much in little space: but all the queen's horses and all the queen's men cannot put a quart of water into a pint bottle; the cleverest packer in London (which is saying a great deal) cannot economize the room of a table-spoonful. You could sooner drive a nail into a solid cube of steel, than you could drive one into a cube of water enclosed in a perfectly unyielding box. It is the unquiescibility of water which gives its enormous strength to the hydraulic press. The hardness of water may be felt by striking its surface smartly with the open hand; the quality is also known to unfortunate swimmers who, intending to pitch into the water headforemost, fall flat on their stomachs instead.

The fickleness of seas and sea-like lakes arises from the extreme impressionability of water to outward influences. But while so movable and docile that the slightest inclination of its bottom causes it to flow in that direction, and the slightest breath on its surface raises a ripple, which is magnified into mountain waves by the impulsive force of stronger winds, water expands and contracts, in varying temperatures, only in quite a moderate degree.

To appreciate fully the value of what is, we may sometimes imagine what might be instead. Thus, what a blessing it is to the human race, to the animate world, to all organized nature, that water is not as expansible as oil! Great heats would cause rivers to overflow, animals to be smitten with apoplexy, sap-vessels to burst, making every plant one wound, while seas in summer would inundate the coasts which had the misfortune to bound them. There is no abstract cause, no fundamental reason, why water should be not as expansible as oil. Happily, it is not so. On the contrary, the slight variation of which it is susceptible, tends to our advantage and convenience.

Pure water is at its greatest density, or heaviest and most contracted, at four degrees, centigrade (to avoid fractions), or at exactly thirty-nine degrees of Fahrenheit, that is at seven degrees above the freezing point; but if the temperature changes, either way, the water expands. From the maximum density up to the boiling point, the expansion amounts to four hundredth parts of its volume—a mere nothing. If it cool below its maximum density, it still expands up to the freezing point. Consequently, water which is near the point of freezing is lighter than water that is only just a trifle warmer. It therefore rises and floats on the surface, allowing the warmer stratum of water to sink. Rivers and lakes, therefore, freeze from the top downward (which would not happen were the density of water to continue to increase with increasing cold), and the fish and water-weeds remain uninjured. Were the case otherwise than it is—if our streams and pools froze from the bottom—in long-continued frosts

they would become solid blocks of ice; aquatic plants and animals would perish; and even in cases of partial freezing, the thaw and the return to a normal state of things would be much more tardy than under existing circumstances. Water still further expands at its conversion into ice; but with that we have nothing to do. Ice is not water, and with water alone we are dealing at present.

The providential character of the above arrangement is brought out into still higher relief by the fact that, although easily heated, water is a bad conductor of heat; that is, it does not readily part with heat. In water kept constantly boiling, it is the ebullition from the bottom of the pot which causes our viands to cook so speedily. A leg of mutton, simply plunged into boiling water, and there left to take care of itself without the aid of the stoker, would take a long time even to get warm through. Rumford fixed a plate of ice at the bottom of a glass vessel, and then poured in cold water enough to cover it to the depth of a quarter of an inch, on the top of which he poured boiling water in considerable quantity. The calorific was so slowly transmitted from the boiling water to the ice, that, at the end of two hours, only half of it was melted. But if, instead of fixing the ice at the bottom, it is allowed to swim on the surface, it is rapidly melted by the successive transport of the molecules of hot water from the bottom of the vessels up to the top, where the ice is. This experiment shows us what consequences we should have to suffer were our rivers and lakes to freeze from the bottom, as just now supposed. In the temperate zones, the larger masses of water would become perennial glaciers which no summer heat could liquify.

Air is said to be an invisible, water a visible fluid. But very clear water is visible to us only from the effects of its refraction and because we look down upon its surface. Were we in it, like fish, it would be as invisible to our eyes as air is; although distant objects would be tinged with blue or green, as distant mountains are with purple; and the depths would present a tinted ground, just as the depths of the sky present a ground of blue.

Water is fluid, and also humid or moist. There is no need to take offence at the statement that water is wet; for Aristotle calls it a humid element. Mercury is fluid without being wet; and unmixed oil can hardly be called damp or moist.

Pure water is scentless, and theoretically tasteless; but is any water to be found which is absolutely without flavor, incapable of making any impression on the palate, except those of cold and heat? It would be difficult to find an utterly tasteless spring, so readily does water take to itself foreign elements, in lesser or greater quantity. The purest, that distilled from snow, is far from being agreeable or the healthiest beverage. Boerhaave states his conviction that nobody ever saw a drop of quite pure water. When water is sufficiently charged with foreign matters—gases, salts, or metallic compounds—to exert an appreciable action on the animal economy, it is called mineral water. In this sense, the sea is a mass of mineral water. Many mineral springs issue from the earth at diverse localities. Mineral rain, even, has been smelted offensively of bad eggs and brimstone, being condensed from the vapors of sulphurous springs.

There is also a striking contrast between the clearness of water and its weight, some of the heaviest waters being the clearest. To look down into the lakes of Geneva or Lucerne at the ends of exit, or into the seas which skirt some of the rocky coasts of Scotland, or of the Mediterranean, you would say that it was only air a little more dense than usual and rendered fluid; while bathing or rowing, you almost seem to be suspended in space. Water ought, you think, to be as light as it is transparent. Opacity conveys the notion of weight, translucency of the opposite quality. Yet water, even the freshest and sweetest, is seriously heavy. To be convinced of the fact practically, fetch a few pailful from the neighboring well, or sustain the shock of a well-directed douche, or even submit yourself to the fall of a shower-bath. The waves of a rough sea are battering-rams which, by their mere weight, dash men down as if they were insects. The heaviness of water has, naturally and properly, caused it to be selected as the standard of weight in the Metrical System. A cubic centimetre of distilled water at the temperature of its greatest density, that is to say, at thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, gives the gramme, of which all other weights are either multiples or fractions. Reason tells us that water must be heavy indeed, to allow really heavy bodies to float upon it; but it looks light. Mind, certainly, does not look light, but looks heavier than it really is.

The specific gravity of water is represented by unity, or one. It serves as the measure for determining that of other bodies, as that of air does for that of other gases. Owing to the contraction of cold, water is about one-sixtieth heavier in winter, than in summer. The specific gravity of water being one, that of gold is nineteen and a half nearly. How heavy gold is, no one can realise who has not had an opportunity of handling it in quantity—in bullion, coin, or plate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INVINCIBLES OF COMMON LIFE.—What a glorious troop might be formed of those men who have worn their laurels in the campaign of life, fighting not against sword and bayonet but against hardship and circumstances; natural defects, and the ridicule or opposition of their fellowmen. Nor has the fight been against a visible or tangible foe alone; these men have had themselves to conquer; their ignorance or indolence; their natural leaning to evil; the bad habits of early days, or even their poverty and the lowliness of their social station.

According to announcement, the iron-clad *Camanche* steamed up and proceeded on last Saturday noon to Mare Island, with a number of our most prominent citizens and ladies aboard, who returned in the evening with the revenue cutter *Shubrick*. With this iron-clad we can defy any foreign foe from entering our harbor.

PEACE.

"Seek peace and pursue it."—PSALM XXXIV. 14.

With the exception of belief in the Unity of God, there is probably no sentiment which enters more thoroughly and persistently in our Jewish national and devotional life than the aspiration for peace. We sing of peace in our Psalms; we pray for it, frequently and passionately, in our prayers. Peace is the last blessing in the threefold Benediction of the priests. A petition for peace concludes the prayer of the Eighteen Blessings; peace the last of David's tenfold words that strike the ear as the Law is borne through our congregation to its resting place. The familiar *Shalom* in which language almost exhausts itself in praise, and which has so solemn an association with our mournful hours, contains a supplication not only for peace, but for "the abundant peace, the fullness of peace from Heaven." Peace is the wish we proffer to each other in our national salutation; and our sages, who are lavish in their praises of peace and peace-making, tell us that the promotion of peace is the pursuit of the wise, the duty of all men, and the highest of social virtues. Peace is a sacred condition with which we invest the mystery of death, and a supreme bliss which we picture as one of the glories of the life to come.

It is easy to indicate a likely historical reason for the recurrence of this sentiment. In the fighting days of yore, when we were politically a nation, our country was placed among hostile states and exposed to continual wars and incursions. Moreover, civil dissension was unhappily not unknown among us. To a people so situated, and especially an agricultural people, with fields to till and protect, the advent of peace would be a predominant desire. When we ceased to be a polity, and were scattered among other nations, we were long exposed to aggression and injury from governments and governed. Our early history presents a picture of almost continual disquiet. Well may the hope of peace have been a prevailing sentiment in the heart and on the lip of priest, prophet, poet, and people, in those troubled days. Anxiously must our fathers have prayed for the blessing promised in Leviticus, "And I will give peace to the land."

But in these calmer times, when, save in exceptional cases, we are protected from injury, even in countries where Israel is despised; when we have mingled so intimately with our fellow citizens that hostilities affect us only as they affect them, and our hearts throb with theirs in prayer for peace and enthusiasm in war; the constantly recurring Jewish call for peace ceases to have a distinctive political significance. But not on that account has it lost its moral significance, or diminished in its importance. For if war has ceased from our border; if we may till our fields and pursue our avocations in tranquillity, without fear of foreign invader or civil tumult; there is yet war in our midst, war in our hearts, an invader's step on the threshold, an enemy on the broad fields of humanity, and in the narrow inclosure of our conscience, which can only be met by an appeal to Divine Grace for peace, for "the fullness of peace from Heaven."

Many may have observed in human nature the presence of two antagonistic principles, struggling for mastery, and contrasted as distinctly as light and darkness. Such antagonism Persian mythology dimly shadowed forth in the fantastic notions of Ormuzd and Ahriman, and a more spiritual teaching has presented in the good and evil geni of the baby's cradle. Such is the contrast of happiness and sorrow in human life, such the struggle for right and wrong in the human heart!

He who rules all breasts, and knows all secrets, can alone pronounce as to degrees of earthly happiness; but if the history of humanity, if reflection and worldly knowledge, if personal experience may guide us, we may infer that none can expect perfect happiness in this life; and those who seek a delusion, and a spare, on the unhappy; there is no sorrow without a consolation, no shadow so dense as wholly to obscure the light; for divine mercy flecks the heaviest cloud with threads of gold, and in the darkest hour we may pray—we may hope for peace.

And he who prays for peace, prays a wise prayer. For him to whom the gates of peace are opened, prosperity cannot too much elate, nor adversity deject; his heart no passion can madden, no wild ambition torture with restless dreams, no broken hope nor disappointed aim irritate with bitter regret. In the hour of its keener joy it will not be lost in delirium of rapture, nor intoxicated in phantasies of impossible delights; nor agitated by restless desire of change or shadowy presages of evil. In the day of its affliction, though blinding tears may for a while conceal the radiant presence of peace, yet so surely as the sun pierces the morning mist with its ruddy glow, so surely will the peace that we pray for break through the veil of sorrow, and lay her healing hand on the bleeding wound!

And now as to the struggle between good and evil. To whom is that fight unknown? The campaign begins in the bosom of the child, battling between the attraction of appetite and the desire to obey. From the nursery and the school-room to the after scenes of life, wherever placed, the home, the counting-room, the forum, the cottage, the palace, wherever temptation rises in our way, like a gaunt ghost with fair face and shrouded ugliness, or like the tormenting figure of the old German story, with its alluring arms and its spiked embraces, there the genius of good and the genius of evil fight for mastery—there war is waged between right and wrong, duty and passion, principle and impulse.

We, who are growing weary with the struggle, may well ask if to this war there be an ending, if there be a day when the darkness of night will pass, and peace be proclaimed, before at length the last silent peace of the grave stills the throbbing breast? Yes, when we pray for peace, may it not be peace in this life? Peace that may be won, as other peace is won, by hard fighting, perseverance, and trust in a good cause; but never without grace, favor, and mercy, and complete submission; never till we lay down our impulses as the Romans of old laid down their arms, and pass humbled, bowed, and broken, under the yoke of the law, as they under the Caudine yoke of their victors.

If we disdain habitually the summons to do rightly, and yield to temptation, there can be no peace for us: "There is no peace for the wicked!"

If the evil grow and strengthen from the hour of its feeble and timid first assault till the day of its maturity, we shall have a giant not a dwarf to fight. But there is a battle in which we need never succumb. Divine help is for those who seek it by daily, hourly sustained endeavor, unchecked by failure, unappalled by doubt or difficulty. If any effort, if any effort, fail, let us not fear. If we find the enemy beyond our strength to-day, let us take courage and gather our forces to meet him on the mor-

row; if, as we reach the wall's summit, we may fall from the height, even then let us remount, believing that at last the thick front of the foe will be pierced, the rampart gained, and triumph crown the fight with the fullness of peace from Heaven!

Having regarded peace in the abstract, in its spiritual meaning, as a divine boon for which to pray, let us consider it in its relative, its applied, its human meaning, the peace which we may be the means of diffusing, and which our Rabbins enjoin us to promote. For it is a great privilege that we enjoy, we who are made in the Divine likeness, that we may be the instrument of transmitting the blessings which we ask as a hallowed gift for ourselves. We can promote peace in the world by example, and there is no human force more powerful than the force of example: we can promote peace in the family circle by examples of forbearance, temper, and amiability. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." We can promote peace by precept, for we can, teach the beauty of peace to children, pupils, servants, and all those over whom we have influence or authority; we can recommend peace by friendly counsel to our equals, and by respectful persuasion to our elders and superiors. And as the sphere of effort and duty enlarges, we can employ example, precept, and persuasion to promote peace in the circle in which we move, in the town in which we dwell, in the community in which we mingle, in the congregation in which we worship. We can promote peace between class and class, interest and interest, and thus work material service to the land in which we are born. We can promote peace in the earth by advocating the high doctrine of humanity, which sets its foot on wrong, and strives to a height far beyond the loftiest trophies of ambition, or the haughtiest majesty of imperial thrones.

Thus we can promote peace outwardly in the world, and by that effort promote peace inwardly in our hearts; we can spread around us a peace of earth, like a sun-picture of the spiritual peace we ask from Heaven for ourselves.

And then, how often soever the prayer for peace be repeated amongst us, it will be no idle repetition. If we promote peace in our families, and among Israel our brethren; if we advocate peace among mankind at home and abroad; if we desire peaceful lives, whether cheered by prosperity or chilled by sorrow; if we establish peace in our souls by suppressing the attempts and struggles of wrong against right; then henceforward there will be a deep and solemn meaning for us in every greeting of peace, in every blessing of peace, in every sound of peace, spoken to us or by us!

"May He who maketh peace in His high heavens, through His infinite mercy, grant peace to us, and all Israel. Amen."—*London Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Knowledge.*

INUNDATIONS IN ITALY AND SPAIN.

A correspondent of the *London Morning Herald*, writing from Denia, Spain, November 11, furnishes the following details of the inundation in Valencia:

"The news of the hurricane at Calcutta had just reached us by telegraph when a somewhat similar catastrophe befel one of the wealthiest and most populous districts in the province of Valencia. The river Júcar, which has its source among the mountains of Cuenca, flows through and fertilizes one of the most productive districts of Spain.

"On the night of the 3d there was a copious fall of rain, which continued on the morning of the 4th, and towards the evening it seemed as if the windows of heaven had opened. Before midnight, the towns of Culera, Alcira, Carcagente and Jativa, with many adjoining villages, were submerged in water.

"In Alcira alone upwards of two hundred houses near the banks of the river were completely swept away; others have fallen since, and many have had their foundations sapped. The poorer classes, whose houses were of one story only, were obliged to get on the roofs to save themselves from being drowned. Thousands from their house-tops anxiously looked for the morning. There was no escape. The water had risen to a height of six or eight feet in the highest part of the town—in the lower part whole houses were covered. In the convent of Carcagente the water was fifteen feet deep. Except cats and dogs not a single domestic or farm animal has been left alive. Now that the waters have subsided, the streets and houses are full of dead carcasses of horses, mules, donkeys, pigs, goats and sheep. On the first entrance into the town twenty-one corpses were found in the streets; how many more are to be found in the houses that have fallen, how many drowned in their beds, and how many swept away by the flood, no one presumes to estimate. Already above one hundred corpses have been taken to the church; but there is no place of interment for them, scarcely a vestige of the cemetery having been left.

"About one hundred square miles—the most fertile and populous of the province of Valencia can boast of—have been inundated. From many places no information has, as yet, been obtained, and in this letter I have confined myself principally to what has occurred at Alcira, as being the largest and most important town in the district. Alcira, a village near Alcira, was completely under water. From the nearest approach only the steeple of the church could be seen.

"A royal decree has been issued by the Spanish Government for the opening of a national subscription in aid of the sufferers. "The *Correspondencia* of Madrid states that one thousand and two head of cattle and one hundred and sixty-eight domestic animals have been drowned; two hundred and seventeen houses are in ruins, and six hundred and thirty-five others in a tottering state."

"The Italian papers contain full accounts of damaging floods in Central Italy. The following is a condensed account: "Of all these provinces, Tuscany appears to have been the greatest sufferer. Parts of Florence have been laid under water by an overflowing of the Arno, and food and other necessities are conveyed to the inhabitants by means of boats. The commune of Signa, lying between Florence and Empoli, was reduced to great distress by the encroachments of the swollen river, and a train was sent from Florence with provisions for the unfortunate population. But the last train from Leghorn having arrived safely, the guards on the line had retired to rest, and in the dense darkness it was not perceived that at a distance of four kilometres from the city, a wooden bridge had been swept away by the current, and the locomotive, with the driver and the stoker, was precipitated into the stream. The few passengers had time to extricate themselves from their perilous position, but could give no help to the two unfortunate who were struggling in the water. There was no remedy for it but to return to Florence and to implore succor, which was, of course, instantly forthcoming, and a second train was dispatched to

the scene of the disaster. The new comers, consisting of three firemen, a lieutenant and two soldiers, were provided, with a boat and with all things necessary for the rescue of the sufferers, supposing them to be still alive. Torches were lighted, and every means was taken to ascertain the position of the men. The boat was launched into the impetuous stream, but every endeavor proved fruitless until daybreak, when the two objects of the search were discovered still living, but up to their breasts in the water, and clinging desperately to the trunk of a tree.

"At Pisa, also, the Arno has broken its banks, but the damage inflicted is of comparatively little moment. On the line of railway from Florence to Arezzo, two bridges have been washed away. Between Florence and Empoli, the viaduct at Montelupo is destroyed, and the communication with Leghorn is consequently interrupted, as likewise that between Florence and Siena. At Marzotto the railway is under water, and the damage cannot, it is said, be repaired in less than two months. Travellers from Bologna to Pistoja are therefore now obliged to perform a portion of their journey along the carriage road, and trains have been discontinued by night from Bologna to Ferrara, as, although no accidents have yet occurred there, it is not expected that the district can long remain exempt. Snow has already made its appearance at Bologna, which, as you know, is more favorably situated in regard to climate than either Turin or Milan, and this circumstance is regarded as indicative of a severe winter.

"According to last advices the danger is over, or at least suspended. The Arno has returned to its bed, although it remains still much above its usual level, and repairs are being carried on with vigor in the recently flooded quarters of Florence. But a few days have produced on the central Italian railways a series of disasters which will interfere for some time to come with the promptness of our communications with that part of the country."

RAMS.

When the rebel ram *Merrimac* butted the wooden frigate *Congress* and sank her, two years ago, there was a very general and long-continued cry for rams. "Ramming is the thing," said enthusiasts; and for awhile there was little else thought of for offense or defense should an enemy enter this harbor. The case of the North river steamer *Empire*, which some years ago ran into a heavy pier at the foot of 29th street, and went half through it without material injury, was deemed an example of what a ram could do. Some persons argued thus:—"A tallow candle can cut down a board; ergo, a light steamer can cut down a heavier one, no matter how strong, provided she can obtain sufficient speed." Instances were cited: where ships had collided it was shown that the vessel struck was demolished, while the other was unhurt, although the weaker. From these and similar premises it was, and is argued that of all the ships a ram-ship would be the most formidable. Assuming the points taken by the ram advocates to be correct, although they are far from being so, a ship is not a board, neither has it the velocity of a bullet. A solid structure, such as a crib filled with stone, bears no resemblance nor has it any conditions identical with a ship floating on a yielding medium like water; nor yet can one ship butting another in the ribs, aiming at its adversary's weakest, and striking with its strongest part, be fairly quoted as the invincibility of the assailant and the vulnerability of the assailed. But admitting that they are correct in the main, what does it prove? That rams are essential, that they are reliable, that the action itself is always an efficient one, that a heavy ram may run down a heavier armed ship? Not at all. The results in Mobile Bay and the action in Albemarle Sound both prove that ramming a ship by no means insures its destruction. Even the gallantry of the different commanders in these several combats could not overthrow physical forces, or do away with them. The *Sassacus*, a wooden side wheel ship, while moving at the rate of eleven knots, ran at the *Albatross*, a rebel iron-plated ram, and struck her. She failed, however, to destroy the rebel vessel, although she pushed it before her for a long distance. The *Sassacus* was a light vessel, and ill-fitted for an encounter with such a craft, as, in addition to being built of wood, her stem has a rudder in it which of course weakened it very much. The *Tennessee* was repeatedly rammed by heavy ships at high speed, but these attacks were futile and only damaged the assailants.

It will not do to rely solely upon a possibility in naval warfare. Success must be assured as far as possible, and victory lies not in rams but in weight of metal; in guns stood up to, and broadsides hurled unceasingly. An unmitigated fire from heavy guns in ships, practically invulnerable, will hereafter win the day, and rams solely, are of little worth. When opportunity serves, the momentum of a heavy body at even a moderate velocity, like a ship, may effect more than a broadside, but the chances for a fair blow in an action between two ships alone are very few, and a skillful seaman can always parry one. We have ships of iron, and guns of iron; we have also hearts of iron to man and manœuvre them, and these will, as heretofore, continue to maintain our national renown upon the sea.—*Scientific American.*

"Power of a Bird's Song."—When we hear the song of the soaring lark, we may be sure that the entire atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses, or undulations, or waves, as they are often called, produced by the little sonnetter's organ of voice. This organ is a vibrating instrument, resembling, in principle, the reed of a clarinet. Let us suppose that we hear the song of a lark, elevated to a height of five hundred feet in the air. Before this is possible the bird must have agitated a sphere of air one thousand feet in diameter—that is to say, it must have communicated to seventeen thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight tons of air a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.—*Tyndall's Glaciers of the Alps.*

"ARTIFICIAL IVORY."—The possibility of procuring a substitute for ebony and ivory has become an important question, now these materials command such extravagant prices. M. Goussin of Ghislaire has brought before the French Academy a substance which he asserts answers the purpose completely. He produced it by the following method:—Take sixty per cent. of the powder of marine plants fifteen per cent. of glue, and an equal quantity of coal tar; boil till thoroughly mixed; dry in an oven at a temperature of 300 deg. F. till it becomes plastic. The compound will assume the appearance of ivory by heating it in an aqueous solution of caustic potash, and letting it macerate for several hours in diluted sulphuric acid; after which subject it to the action of chlorine or chloride of lime, repeating the operation till it becomes perfectly white.

Special Notice.

THE GREAT SEWING MACHINE WAR

A Slight Mistake

ABOUT

THE PREMIUM

AT THE

OREGON STATE FAIR:

The Committee

DECIDE IN FAVOR

OF

THE FLORENCE!!

COMPLETING

THE TRIUMPH OF THIS NEW MACHINE,

IT HAVING TAKEN

EACH AND EVERY FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED TO

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE

Fairs Held on the Pacific Coast

IN 1864.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Having heard to-day for the first time that the Grover and Baker Sewing Machine Company claim the first Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at the Oregon State Fair, held at Salem, 1864, and being one of the Committee on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and take pleasure in making, the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected by a Mr. Johnson, (an employee of the Grover & Baker Company,) and after a careful examination of the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was finally decided and agreed by the Committee, TO AWARD THE FIRST PREMIUM TO THE FLORENCE MACHINE AS THE BEST MACHINE FOR DOING ALL GRADES OF WORK, and a Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the Committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Linn.

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe, who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.

[Notarial Seal.] J. N. DOLPH,
Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Linn.

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of my belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,
County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as having been called away before signing our Report. I hereby say that the above statements are true as to the decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently substituted in the place of the Real Decision of the Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed at the Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society to examine and report upon the merits of different Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to perform the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Florence. The principal fact influencing our decision in awarding the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have, however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great merits, and we recommend them both to the patronage of the Oregon public.

[Signed]

MARY S. SMITH.

MARY A. HOWE.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

MARY ANN S. KNOX.

Committee.

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he stock of the Liverpool and London, par value 2 pounds sterling, is worth 11 pounds sterling in the market, and the shares in the Globe have advanced in proportion since the transfer. With this accession of capital, the assets of the Liverpool and London now reach \$11,559,525, of which amount there is over \$1,100,000 invested in the United States.

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ed by calling upon or addressing
MISS M. LAMMOND, Prince

The Hebrew.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1865.

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TO OUR COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

We would most respectfully invite those of our country subscribers who are in arrears for THE HEBREW, now in the city making their winter purchases, to call at our office, 509 Clay street, at their earliest convenience and discharge their indebtedness. Country patrons generally would favor us by forwarding their subscriptions either by post or express.

THE KARENS.

That portion of the northern provinces of India bordering on Thibet and China, recently ceded to England, is inhabited by a tribe called Karens, who from the peculiarities of their religious observation as well as actions in ordinary life, have awakened the curiosity of savans, under the belief that in them they have at last discovered the descendants of at least one of the Lost Tribes. A slight knowledge of this people was obtained as early as 1835, but it is not until lately their existence and customs have been thought worthy the attention of the traveler or philologist. It is alleged that the Israelitish characteristics of their descent are fully seen—in their domestic habits; second, in their personal appearance and dress; and third, in their religious traditions and expectations. In point of domestic civilization they are really higher than almost any people of the East, for the women occupy the same position among them as they do now among the Hebrew and other civilized nations, and thus they prove their virtue and intelligence. They regard polygamy as a sin, and honor the wife and mother as entitled to rule alone in her department of the household. Their only immorality is for intoxicating liquors, in which they are not alone, nationally speaking. Intemperance, however, is not an ordinary affair with them, it is an extraordinary one; it is not the degradation of daily madness, but is only exhibited in honor of visitors and at the recurrence of a festival. Their hospitality to strangers of every class is extremely generous. Their dwellings are better arranged for preserving the decencies of life and comforts than is usual among Asiatics; the cooking, working and sleeping rooms being separate. They are industrious, raising large supplies for themselves and for the market. Their books and dress are Jewish. No people ever honored the beard as the Hebrews and the Karens, with the latter, they have a saying: "A man with a beard belongs to the race of ancient kings." Their dress, it is said by Christian missionaries, may be described in the words of John, concerning that of the ancient Jews. The tunic of the men is embroidered in the weaving, but that of the women with the needle, as it was in ancient days. It is even said that they wear the *talith* (talith), and go through a ceremony resembling the *tephillin*.

The traditions of the Karens are said to be striking indications of their Israelitish origin; but whilst they acknowledge the Supreme Being, they endeavor, like all the superstitious and ignorant, to propitiate evil spirits—but the latter custom may have been derived from contact with the neighboring tribes, Birmese and Buddhist. The Karens are divided into two sects, one sacrificing hogs and fowls to evil spirits; the other, termed the *Purais*, (striking analogy to pure) will not so sacrifice, and regard hogs with detestation. The latter say they formerly offered oxen in sacrifice. In reference to their ritual, they state that God (Yowah) gave them His word written on leather, (paraphrase), and their hymn of praise is translated thus:

"He was in the beginning of the world;
God is endless and eternal;
He was in the beginning of the world;
God is unchangeable and eternal;
He existed in ancient times at the beginning."

There is a strange connection in the above with the opening lines of Genesis:

בְּרֵאשִׁית בָּרָא אֱלֹהִים אֶת הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֶת הָאָרֶץ
In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Their traditions confirm in a marked degree the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, the fall of man, etc., and their moral code contains the substance of every injunction in the Decalogue. This is more remarkable, from the fact that though the Karens are in the midst of idolatry, they say "we have no King, because we feared not God,"—using the very words of Hosea, x. 3. Though they deem themselves wanderers and outcasts, under a curse for their transgressions, yet they assert that God loves them. They entertain the strongest confidence in God, that they shall be restored to a Royal State, "where they shall dwell in the city with the golden palace." They entertain a strong

belief in a return to their forefathers, and pray: "Though the flowers fade, they bloom again; At the appointed time our Fathers' Jehovah will return: That Jehovah (Tooah) may bring the mountain height. Let us pray, both great and small, That Jehovah may prepare the mountain height; Friends and brethren let us pray."

The coming of the Karen King or Messiah is indicative that the nation could not have derived its origin from any other than Jewish source, as they do not trust in a Saviour who has come, but one that is to come. In their mode of worship the Karens not only compose their songs in corresponding parts, but chant them, with the aid of rude instrumental music, alternately by opposite choirs, male and female. With but a portion of the people the rite of circumcision is maintained. All these points are held to be connecting links with their identity to the Lost Tribes.

WHAT THE JEWS DO.

During the late Presidential campaign it was constantly reiterated and reiterated by the *Yellow Journalists* that the Jews were the enemies of the Union, and even to the Union, and stated, that the Jews only confined themselves to mere money changing and certain branches of commercial business, the principal line of which was ready-made clothing. Our people were stigmatized as usurers, and non-producers. In no State in the Union do the Jews represent so many different vocations, trades, etc., than in California. They are farmers, wine-growers, wool-growers, rancheros, herdsmen, dealing in cattle and sheep; they are manufacturers on a large scale, and but for their energy and wealth the woolen factories of San Francisco would not be the proud monuments of our State's greatest growing interest. In the mechanical arts they have always taken a forward position, workers in iron, tin, silver and gold; carpenters, cabinet-makers, machinists, black and white-smiths, and scientific instrument makers. In the walks of science, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, chemists, assayers, geologists, pathologists, etymologists and astronomers; divines, theologians, lawyers, editors, engravers, lithographers, musicians, artists and painters; professors of foreign tongues, arithmeticians, poets, printers, gymnasts and sailors. Scarce a branch of mechanical art or avenue of trade but we find representatives of our race, and they are men and women of mark in all. In addition to these are miners, capitalists and merchants. Who now will attempt to gainsay that the Hebrew people do not form a prominent integral part of the great commonwealth of California? To this is to be added that the Hebrew is not a nomad. When once he settles in California he becomes a resident, identified and aiding in its progress. He marries, gathers around him a family, strives to be and is honest, and his perseverance and probity are notable in this age of selfishness, so he lives his allotted days under his "own vine and fig tree," surrounded by his olive branches, until his days have passed and he is called to his "Father above." Take Hebrew energy and capital from California and the State would be bankrupt.

At a meeting of the Congregation Emanu-El, held on Sunday, January 22, 1865, the following gentlemen were elected Supervisors of the Home of Peace Cemetery for the ensuing year: D. Stern, S. Epstein, L. Dinkelspiel, E. Neuberger. The Eureka Benevolent Society held a meeting subsequently and elected the following gentlemen to act in conjunction with those above named in the supervision of the cemetery: A. Cahn, J. Greenbaum, J. Cerr, S. Hays. During the year ending Jan. 1, 1865, there have been 39 interments in this cemetery, 35 of whom died in this city, 1 in the State, 2 in Oregon and 1 in Nevada; 14 were adults, 2 between the ages of 5 and 10 years, 13 between the ages of 1 and 5 years, 5 under 1 year and 5 stillborn.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Simon S. Fulda, a young man nineteen years of age, dropped dead whilst running to the fire alarm on Thursday evening last. A Coroner's inquest was held on Friday, and it was found that death was caused by disease of the heart. He was an active and industrious young man, and the support of a family wholly dependent upon him. His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, from the residence of his parents on Everett street, attended by South Park Hose Company, of which he was one of the most active members, and delegations from the various hose companies and a host of friends. The remains were interred in the Home of Peace Cemetery. The Rev. Dr. Henry performed the funeral service and delivered an appropriate address in English.

District Grand Lodge No. 4 I. O. B. E., after having held four meetings, and transacted business of importance appertaining to the welfare of the Order on this coast, closed its semi-annual session last Tuesday evening, and adjourned *sine die*.

The members of Zion Lodge No. 4 A. J. O. K. S. B., will assemble at the Continental Hotel, on next Thursday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, for the purpose of visiting Mount Horeb Lodge No. 7, in a body.

One of the finest improvements in the business portion of the city is the new block of brick buildings erected on Battery street, south of California, by Michael Reese, Esq. Messrs. Lazard Freres, one of the largest mercantile houses on the coast, and agents for the Woolen Mills, occupy a large portion of these buildings, which are quite an architectural addition to our fast growing city.

Mr. and Mrs. Simonsen took their farewell of California in a vocal and instrumental concert at Platt's Hall, on Monday evening last. They were assisted by Mrs. Mattison, a contralto of great power and excellence; Mr. Hartmann, the best pianist we have in our city, and Messrs. Kendall, Kuhne, Schumacher, and Evans, all well known instrumentalists, and Messrs. Bianchi and Gregg. The occasion was marked by the successful debut of Miss Clarissa Newburger, a young lady of this city, as a pianist, who won not alone the applause but the commendation of all present. She possesses force combined with delicacy, a true artistic spirit and complete mastery of the instrument. We shall hear from Miss N. in the future. Mr. Cohen also volunteered and rendered a couple of songs, in a very fair manner for an amateur. Mr. and Mrs. Simonsen in their respective roles were all that could be desired. The Simonsens go to Asia via Japan.

Messrs. Levi Strauss & Co., have purchased the well known and valuable property known as the "Central Hotel," situated at the intersection of Market, Bush and Sansome streets. We are not advised, but presume it will not be long before the present wooden edifice will be removed to make room for a permanent brick edifice for business purposes, as Messrs. Strauss & Co. are among our most enterprising citizens.

The Eureka Social Club give a masquerade ball at Platt's Hall, on the 15th of February, for which great preparations are being made. Ladies' tickets will have to be obtained of the Committee. Mad. Terme, the well known costumer, is prepared to furnish costumes for this occasion at reasonable rates.

To-morrow evening the Alemania will give their inauguration soiree at Platt's Music Hall. We trust to see a very large attendance, particularly of the fair sex. The arrangements are fully completed and everything will be done to give satisfaction to all. Our thanks are due for complimentary tickets received, and we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity of attending this grand affair.

The Friends of Zion will hold their annual meeting on Sunday morning, in the Vestry of the Broadway Synagogue, at 10 A. M. It is necessary that every member should attend, as the election of officers will take place and business of the greatest importance will be brought before the meeting.

PUBLIC READING.—This evening, there will be a public reading, at Platt's Hall, of a new and original poem, entitled "The Northern Seer." It is from the pen of a lady in this city named Miss Mary Richardson, and will be read by Mr. Warwick, professor of Elocution. We are informed the poem possesses considerable merit, and will be worth listening to.

The arrangements of the Grand Purim Festival Ball, to be given next month, are getting along speedily, and it promises to be the great feature of the season.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

The close of the present year is characterized by great luxury in the materials used for winter dresses. Velvet pile cloths, plushes and velvety fancy articles, issued at 16s. and upwards per yard, are advertised by all the *merchands de nouveautés* in reputation. These winter novelties are warm without being heavy, and much care and taste have been employed in their production. They will be of good service for the parades of the 1865-6 winter season, especially for the Becamier parades. However, the palette, of which the Becamier parades is but a variety, is certainly more fashionable than any other description of outer garment. The *haroude sortie de bal* is worthy of special remark, as it is new both in form and arrangement, and is now generally adopted, instead of the somewhat antiquated opera cloak of previous years.

Bonnets are still worn very small, and will continue to be so throughout the winter; but their size does not interfere with their comfort, as they fit closely to the head and cover the ears. The little lace fall is indispensable. The time honored *baoulet* is almost entirely abandoned, its place being occupied by the hair, covered with an invisible net.

We may conclude our last article on the Paris fashions for this year by remarking that a complete revolution seems to have taken place in the modes during the past twelvemonth. Such strange and such curious costumes have rarely been seen in so short an interval, during which ladies perfectly *comme il faut* have alternately, not to say sometimes simultaneously, patronized boots, coats, canes and casquettes, without, after all, sacrificing any of their personal attractions, which, fortunately, they cannot abdicate by any fashion freak. The Parisiennes think that they add to their charms by these originalities; and the latest sign of this closing season of artifice is the open announcement by the principal coiffeurs of ringlets at so much per dozen, for wearing under the bonnet or by the side of a bow.

WALKING DRESS.—Gray poplin robes, trimmed on the body and skirt with black dentated velvet and long chenille fringe. The corsage is a basque, and open in front as well as behind. The einture, placed underneath, is fastened by two buckles, one in front and the other at the back of the waist. Rose colored velvet bonnet, ornamented with flowers on one side only; the shellpiece forms at the same time the crown and the *baoulet*.

BALL DRESS.—Robe of white tulle over satin skirt ornamented with a deep ruffled flounce. The *sortie de bal* (to which the name of the Haroude has been given) is an ample cashmere *otonde*, embroidered with red cashmere representing branches of coral. The trimming round the edge is composed of black and white velvet balls, from which depends a fringe in white yak. The cordelure is a mixture of gold, red, and white, and is also provided with the worsted chainettes and yak fringe.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Brown velvet robe, buttoned behind throughout. The principal feature is the Becamier *paradeuse*, in velvet, ornamented with passementerie trimmings. The simplicity of this small *paradeuse* renders further explanation unnecessary.

THE BONES OF THE BOURBONS.

During the French Revolution in August, 1793, the Convention published a decree ordering that the dust of the French Kings should be taken from their cerements in the vaults of the Abbey of St. Denis, and be thrown into a common trench:

Five days sufficed to rifle and demolish no fewer than fifty-one tombs, and violate the sanctity of more than a thousand years. In the tombs of hollowed stone of the earlier monarchs, very little worth notice was found. In that of King Popin there was a small quantity of gold wire, nothing more, but each coffin bore the simple inscription of the name of its inmate on a leaden plate, and the greater part of these plates were much oxidized, and in a very bad condition, so that the names were, in many instances, nearly illegible. The plates, however, were not wanted for preservation; but, together with the leaden coffins of Philippe-le-Hardi and Isabella of Aragon, and the leaden roof of the abbey church, were taken to the Hotel de Ville of Paris, and there melted down, and cast into musket-balls. The most remarkable object discovered was a silver seal, of ovate form, belonging to Constantine of Castile, the second wife of Louis the Seventh, who died in 1160. It weighed three ounces and a half, and silver money being out of fashion, was not converted into either cash or bullets, but found its way into the municipal stronghold, and was thence transferred to the cabinet of antiquities of the National (not the Imperial) Library. Though only three days' labor were actually bestowed, the work of demolition was, from various causes, suspended from August till October, but on the twelfth of that month it was resumed, and with renewed vigor the destroyers forced their way into the vaults of the Bourbons.

The first coffin they met with, was one which might have demanded forbearance, had there been any forbearing spirit in the midst of so much unhalloved ruffianism; it was that of Henri Quatre! His body was in a good state of preservation, and his features were perfectly recognisable; the winding sheet by which he was enveloped was in good condition. For two days his remains were exposed to public view, and then they were remorselessly cast into the yawning trench which awaited them. The same fate awaited the bones of Louis the Thirteenth and his descendants. The first-named monarch was recognised by his moustaches; but his face, that face which had received so much adoration in his lifetime, was now black as ink. To this complexion had it come, at last! The bodies of his immediate family, and especially that of the Grand Dauphin—oh, grandeur!—that of the Grand Dauphin—oh, grandeur!—the hearts of some of the priests were found under the coffin, encased in lead with emerald inscriptions; the lead was carefully taken away, the withered hearts were tossed with howls and execrations into the common fosse. On the fifth day, after having taken all the bodies, which were regularly interred in the royal vault, the depredators came, at the further end, to another coffin, placed on a stone bench about two feet from the ground, in a recess formed in the thickness of the wall. The situation of this coffin showed that it was that of the last king who had died, which always occupied the recess in question till his successor came to replace him. In this instance, the successor never came. As if open day were necessary for fully satisfying the vengeance of the revolutionary mob, eager to wreak their brutal fury on all the Bourbons in the person of the one, ill-called, "Le bien aime," the coffin of Louis the Fifteenth was dragged from the crypt to the brink of the trench and there opened. The body taken out of its leaden case, and swathed like a mummy, appeared to be in good preservation; but the instant the bandages were removed the royal corpse took its revenge on the surrounding multitude. It was, as might have been expected, considering the disease of which the prodigal king died, in a state of the direct putrefaction, and from the loathsome carcase came so pernicious an odor that all present fled from it in clouds of steam, as that of the Jacobin dismay. At length, in order that the purpose, body-snatchers might complete their purpose, recourse was had to the firing of muskets, and burning of gunpowder to purify the air, and when the fumigation had lasted long enough, the blackened fragments of royalty were hurled into the pit on a bed of quick lime—somewhat different that from the sumptuous couch at Versailles!—and very quickly concealed from human senses.

After the Bourbon vault had been emptied, the resting-places of the kings of the House of Valois, who were buried in the several chapels of the abbey church, had their share of the general desecration. The first tomb opened was that of Charles the Fifth, the wisest and best of his race. Here, of the king himself, were found nothing but mouldering bones; but the emblems of his state had survived him; undimmed in splendor—his enameled gold crown, his silver hand-of-justice, and a golden sceptre five feet long, surmounted by acanthus leaves of silver gilt, shining as bright as when first it was given to the dead monarch's grasp. In the coffin of Jeanne de Bourbon, his wife, many royal relics greeted the eye: part of her crown, a ring of gold, fragments of bracelets and small girdles, a chain, a staff of gold almost rotten, and long pointed shoes, half destroyed, embroidered in gold and silver. In the coffin of Charles the Seventh, a singular mode of embalming became apparent, the king's body being sprinkled all over with quicksilver, which had kept all its fluidity. This custom was also noticed in relation to other embalmed bodies of an earlier period. The bones of Louis the Eighth, surnamed the Lion, the father of St. Louis, who died on the 8th of November, 1226, at the age of forty, were nearly reduced to dust. On the stone which inclosed his coffin was sculptured a cross in low relief, and within was found only a decayed wooden sceptre and a diadem, or band of stuff of cloth-of-gold, with a species of satin cap, tolerably well preserved. He had been wrapped in a shroud of cloth-of-gold, beneath which was a dress of thick leather; and as his body was the only one thus encased, it is probable this mode of preservation was had recourse to that no unpleasant odor might issue from it in bringing his remains to St. Denis, from Montpensier, in Auvergne, where he died, on his return from the war against the Albigenes. The coffin of St. Louis was shorter and narrower than most of the rest, and none of his mortal part was found within, his bones having been taken out when he was canonized. In the course of their search elsewhere, no part of the abbey church being left unexamined, the ruthless explorers came upon the tomb of Philippe le Bel, who died in 1314. His coffin was of stone lined with lead, and covered by a broad slab, traversed with thick iron bars. The skeleton was entire, and to one finger-bone still clung a gold ring; by his side was a copper-gilt sceptre five feet long, terminated by a tuft of foliage, on which rested a bird of the same metal.

Next came the demolition of the tomb of

King Dagobert, which had been in the abbey church, which he founded, eleven hundred and fifty-five years. It was upwards of six feet long, and the stone had been hollowed to receive the head, which was separated from the body, though, unlike the last of the kings of France, he had closed his life decapitated. Within the tomb was found a coffin about two feet in length, lined throughout with lead, and containing the bones of "Le bon Roi," and those of his wife, Nantilde. A silken envelope wrapped the remains of each, which were kept distinct by a dividing board. On one side of the coffin was a leaden tablet with this inscription: "Hic jacet corpus Dagoberti," and on the other a similar tablet bearing the words, "Hic jacet corpus Nantildis." The queen's skull could not be discovered, and it is probable it remained in the place of its first interment, Saint Louis having removed the bones of Dagobert and his wife to the new tomb which he provided for them. The exhumation of King John, the prisoner of Poitiers, was the last act of the spoliation of 1793.

It was all over now with Saint Denis, either as a place of sepulture or a place of worship; in its roofless condition it was used as a market-house, nor did it resume its ecclesiastical character for twelve years. Napoleon then took an interest in its restoration, intending to make the sepulchral vaults of the Carolingian line—for he recognized only the imperial house of Charlemagne—the mausoleum of the Bonaparte family. How that design was frustrated, every one knows. When the Bourbons came back, for the second time, in 1815, and had time to look about them—a privilege scarcely allowed them on their first return—Louis the Eighteenth began in earnest to restore the tombs of his ancestors and re-decorate the time-honored abbey church, which, after death, had been their asylum. He was the last Bourbon king buried there, and at his funeral all the old customs attendant on royal funerals were revived.

A TALE OF THE GREAT SARATOGA TRUNK.

Old Anthracite has a very dear wife—so dear that she costs him on her own private account about fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Anthracite always has the latest fashions, so when the great Saratoga trunk was exhibited in Broadway, Mrs. A. instantly purchased one for her summer trip.

Every one knows that the great Saratoga trunk is an unexceptionable trunk. It is colossal—of Titanic proportions. Cheaps, the builder of the great pyramid, might have found ample accommodation for her entire household in the great Saratoga trunk.

Accordingly down went Mrs. A. to the great watering-place, with her great trunk. She had not been long there, however, when old Anthracite received a private telegraph from a friend to inform him that Mrs. A. was flirting desperately with young Belzebub, the son and heir of old Belzebub, the soap boiler. Anthracite instantly takes the train, arrives at the hotel, and inquiring the number of his wife's room, quietly walks up stairs. His wife's door is shut. Anthracite knocks. Door opens after some delay. Mrs. A. flutters, which flutter increases to dismay when she sees her husband. Husband enters coolly; explains that he just came to see how she was getting on, and seats himself on the Saratoga trunk. Drops a glove, the picking up of which enables him to look under the bed. No one there. Mrs. A. looked as if some one ought to be there. Husband talks of the weather, and the pair are sitting down to a little light conversation, when old Anthracite remarks quietly:

"Mrs. A., there's a rat in your trunk."

Mrs. A. turns pale through her paint. No; husband is mistaken. The rat is in the wa-no; husband is mistaken. Those rats. Husband is sure it is in the trunk. He smells him; he will exclaim. Mrs. A., very anxious, he should not. He can't. The trunk is shut, and she has lost the key. Husband begs to contradict. The key was in the lock—the lid was open.

Husband, amid the protestations of Mrs. A., half raised the lid. No crinoline, no shawls, no lace, no furbelows in the great Saratoga trunk; only young Belzebub's glossy curls and killing moustaches are visible. Mrs. A. instantly identifies the privilege of her sex on such occasions. What does husband do? He smiles grimly and shuts the lid down again, locking the great Saratoga trunk. He rings the bell; tells the waiter to bring a gimlet. Bore's a few holes in the great trunk. Orders up the porter, and goes off to New York accompanied by the great Saratoga trunk. What would the trunk not have given for a cigar in a baggy wagon, when it smelled the tobacco smoke that was so liberally puffed about! The trunk, although nearly suffocated, thought it best to keep quiet. Arrived at New York, old Anthracite told the people at the depot, loud enough for the great Saratoga trunk to hear him, that he would leave his baggage at the office for a few days when he would send for it. This was more than the great trunk could bear, so it kicked, shouted, and made a noise until it was broken open, and to the amazement of everybody, poor Belzebub crawled out in a limping condition. He tried to tell the people that twas done for a bet, but somehow the truth leaked out, and I predict that next summer there will be fewer great Saratoga trunks at the Springs. I think old Anthracite had the best of it, don't you?

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank good humor. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

A Milwaukee banker has made sundry arithmetical calculations concerning a national debt of four thousand millions, from which it appears that our debt should reach that amount, the column of dollars would be five thousand five hundred and seventy and two-fifths miles in height; that it would take one hundred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine teams to carry the silver, allowing one ton to each; and the length of the line of teams would be three hundred and ninety-four miles.

The First Hebrew Benevolent Society have appointed a committee for the management of their ensuing annual ball. The committee comprises a large number of our most influential co-religionists, who will, we feel assured, make the occasion one of the most successful of the year.

Mrs. McDowell, the wife of Major-General McDowell, Commandant of the Pacific Division gave a private entertainment to her friends at the Occidental Hotel, on Tuesday evening last.

(Unter dieser Rubrik
stetig eine Reihe
ungen auf dem Gebiete)

Eine der rühmlichsten
Leistungen, die die
Juden in der Geschichte
des Judentums aufzuweisen
können, ist die Erhaltung
ihrer Sprache, des Hebräisch,
in der sie sich seit
vielen Jahrhunderten
bewahrt haben. Dies ist
ein Beweis für die
Fähigkeit der Juden,
ihre Sprache zu erhalten,
trotz der Verfolgungen,
die sie in vielen Ländern
erlitten haben. Die
Hebräer haben ihre
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Being about to Remove their Wholesale Business
to Battery Street, have placed in the
Retail Department of

AUSTIN & SCHMITT
AN EXTRA STOCK OF

\$75,000 WORTH
OF THE BEST ASSORTED

AND MOST DESIRABLE STOCK

OF
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS!

Ever offered in the market, and at a less price than
the same quality of similar goods can be bought for
in this city.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT can, with confidence,
assure their customers and the public generally,
that the above amount of goods will be sold at
prices exceedingly low.

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Between Sacramento and California Streets.

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Seal Engraver.

Society and Masonic Seals Executed
In the best manner.

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H. ZACHARIAS,
Watchmaker

AND JEWELER.

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Between Sacramento and California, San Francisco.

I receive by every steamer a large assortment of
Gold and Silver Watches and Diamonds. California
Jewelry manufactured. Also, a full assortment of
Silverware, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, and Jerome's
Marine Clocks, always on hand.

Particular attention paid to orders from the country.

Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted
at lowest prices.

FINE BOYS' SUITS

AND

Gentlemen's Fine Clothing,

In Great Variety, at

C. A. FLETCHER'S,

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Corner Montgomery and Post streets.

BOYS' SUITS MADE TO ORDER,

Being the only House where they are manufactured
in the city. A Good Fit always guaranteed. and
Vest, suit, and shirt made to order.

N. S. Arnold,

Importer and Dealer in

HARDWARE,

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Second Door South of Commercial, San Francisco.

Save Your Teeth!

E. F. BUNNELL, Rooms, 611

City Street. Do not have

Teeth Extracted. DR. BUNNELL

pledges himself to save every tooth

that aches from exposure of the nerve, and will re-

fund the charge for the operation and extract the

tooth free of charge in every case of failure. Teeth

filled with gold, artificial bone, and gold lithodon,

and warranted.

Plate teeth on vulcanite base, the best material

yet discovered; also, if preferred, on gold; either

warranted to fit.

N. B.—More than one thousand aching teeth

have been saved consecutively, without the loss of

one.

The Reason Why Everybody Uses

THE

STANDARD SOAP COMPANY'S

CONCENTRATED

Erasive Soft Soap.

OR

WASHING POWDER,

Is, First—It is cheaper.

Second—It is more effective.

Third—It saves labor.

Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully

white and clear.

No prudent housekeeper would be without it after

having once used it.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Manufactured by

207 COMMERCIAL STREET, Below Front.

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Concert and Billiard

Saloon,

Connecting with a fine

SHOOTING GALLERY.

No. 601 Sacramento Street,

Corner Montgomery street, San Francisco.

The Proprietors have made it their object to

keep only the best kinds of Wines and Liquors,

and will do their utmost to please their guests.

Musical furnished (by the best Musicians) for Balls,

Parties, Serenades, etc., at the shortest notice.

A Grand Concert Every Evening.

An extra fine Lunch served every day from 11

o'clock A. M. to 12 M. at 25 cents. ja13

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Gambler von Schreibmaterialien und Zeitungen,

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Reife's Schiller's Zeitung.....3.50 "

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung.....3.50 "

New Yorker Demokrat.....3.50 "

New Yorker Criminal Zeitung.....3.50 "

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MONTGOMERY BATHS,

No. 621 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite Montgomery Block,

WARM, COLD & SHOWER BATHS,

HAIR CUTTING,

Curling, Dyeing, Shampooing and Shaving.

English and French Perfumery always on

hand.

ED. EWALD, Proprietor.

de25 tf

Miscellaneous.

Joseph A. Donohoe,
San Francisco.

Eugene Kelly,
New York.

DONOHUE, KELLY & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO,

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

BANKERS.

Exchange on New York

BANK OF LONDON, LONDON,

BANK OF IRELAND.

ja13

AGENCY

OF THE

British and Californian

Banking Company,

(Limited.)

Subscribed Capital, \$5,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE:

No. 72 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

THIS AGENCY HAS BEEN REMOVED TO

the Company's building, No. 424 CALIFOR-

NIA STREET, CORNER LEIDESDORFF and is

now prepared to transact a GENERAL BANKING

BUSINESS; receive DEPOSITS in current account;

issue CERTIFICATES; draw SIGHT and TIME

BILLS; purchase and sell BULLION; give LET-

TERS OF CREDIT; DISCOUNT COMMERCIAL

PAPER; MAKE ADVANCES on satisfactory col-

lateral securities, and BILLS OF LADING of Ship-

ments of SILVER and COPPERORES, GRAIN, &c.,

to ENGLAND.

OFFICE,

No. 424 California Street, Near Leidesdorff.

HENRY S. BABCOCK, Manager.

JAMES IRELAND, Sub Manager. de25 tf

HENTSCH & BERTON

BANKERS.

DRAW EXCHANGE IN SUMS TO SUIT ON

De Bham & Co. New York.

Melby, Forget & Co. Liverpool.

Morris Prevost & Co. London.

Hentsch, Lutscher & Co. Paris.

G. de Bionay & Co. Paris.

Musard, Andouin & Co. Paris.

Mirabaud, Faccard & Co. Paris.

Pillet, Willet & Co. Paris.

Hentsch & Co. Geneva (Switz.).

Commercial Bank of Geneva. Geneva.

Lombard, Older & Co. Geneva.

A. & L. Galigny Bros. Geneva.

Ph. Rogel & Son. Geneva.

Schleier, Bros. Berlin.

Lutteroth & Co. Hamburg.

B. Mettler, Sons & Co. Frankfurt a. M.

Purchase certificates of deposits, bonds and

general securities at current rates. Receive de-

posits and transact a general banking business.

An assay office is attached to the bank, and liberal

advances will be made on precious metals assayed

by them. de25-1m

JOHN SIME & CO.,

Bankers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CLAY STS.

EXCHANGE ON NEW YORK

For Sale at Current Rates.

Gold and Silver Bars Bought and Sold.

CHECKS ON B. F. HASTINGS & CO.

At Sacramento and Virginia City.

COLLECTIONS MADE.

ja25 tf

SATHER & CO.,

BANKERS,

Cor. Montgomery & Commercial streets,

SELLS EXCHANGE IN SUMS TO SUIT

ON

American Exchange Bank New York.

Drexel, Whittier & Co. New York.

Drexel & Co. Philadelphia.

Spencer, Villa & Co. Boston.

Geo. Peabody & Co. London.

Also,

TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS

On New York and Philadelphia.

Discount Business Paper, purchase Gold and Sil-

ver Bullion and Mint Certificates. ja12 tf

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

The Remedy for Curing

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest

or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and

all the Diseases of the Pulmonary

Organs.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERA-

tive, Sudorific, Sedative, Diaphoretic and Di-

rectic, which renders it one of the most valuable re-

medies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It ex-

cites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw

off the phlegm or mucus; changes the Secretions

and Purifies the Blood; heals the irritated parts;

gives strength to the digestive organs; brings the

liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to

the whole system. Such is the immediate and sat-

isfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the

most distressing Cough in a few hours' time, if not

of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire

satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of

Consumption! It is warranted not to produce con-

stipation (which is the case with most remedies) or

disturb the head, as it contains no Opium in any form.

It is warranted to be perfectly Harmless to the

most delicate child, although it is an active and

powerful remedy for restoring the system. There

is no Real Necessity for so many Deaths by Con-

sumption, when Allen's Lung Balsam will prevent

it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

3630 tf 401 and 403 Battery street, corner Clay.

I. BERTUCCI & CO'S

Italians' Restaurant,

512 Clay Street,

ADJOINING THE NEW CLAY STREET MARKET

San Francisco.

no4-3m

Miscellaneous.

JOHN BACH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

GUNS

AND

PISTOLS,

SPORTING APPARATUS, ETC.,

405 Commercial Street, near Battery.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MAKES AND REPAIRS, ALL KINDS OF

Fire Arms. All work promptly executed, and

warranted well done. An assortment of double and

single barrel Guns. Colts' Revolvers, of all sizes,

All descriptions of Shot, Powder, Lead, Percussion

Caps, &c., Wholesale and Retail. Generally on hand,

Equipments required by Sportsmen, Miners, and the

Military. no18-2m

MUSIC! MUSIC!

THE UNDERSIGNED CALLS THE ATTEN-

tion of the public to his band, which is com-

posed of the best musicians in the State for

BALLS,

PARTIES,

SERENADES, ETC.

BRUNO LIEBERT,

742 MARKET STREET,

Between Kearny and Dupont, San Francisco.

Instruction Given on the Piano and Violin.

Office hours from 12 to 4 o'clock.

Miscellaneous.

Ackerman Bros.

19 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Lick House Block.

Offer for sale from and after date,

4-4 wide French Prints and Fercals at 25c per yard;

4-4 Bleached Shirtings, all; Lonsdale, White, Rock, Wam-

sutta, N. Y. Mills, and all other well-known brands, at

wholesale rates; 4-4, 8-4, 10-4, and 11-4 Bleached and Unbleached Sheet-

ings, at old prices; 3-8, 3-4, and 4-4 White and all Wool Flannels, from 37 to 87

cents a yard;

Red and Gray Twilled Flannels;

First Qualities Slaker Flannels;

Every description of Foreign and Domestic Family Blankets,

at reduced rates;

Table Damask, White and Colored;

1,000 doz. Linen Napkins, at \$1 per doz. and upwards;

500 doz. Linen Napkins, at \$2 50 per doz. and upwards;

330 pieces Irish Linens, at 35 cents a yard and upwards;

300 Real Marseilles Quilts, of all sizes and colors, at \$2

per doz. and upwards;

Assortment Tickings, Canton Flannels, Hosiery, etc., at ex-

tremely low prices;

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, plain and em-

broided;

Woolens for Children's Clothing;

Broad-Cloths, Tricots and Velour Cloths, for Cloaks—all col-

ors;

Empress Cloths, all wool, at 75 cents a yard and upwards;

Velours de Laines, (new) Saxony Flairs;

Pois de Chevre, yard wide, at 50c a yard;

Fine French Merinos, at \$1 per yard;

Super-superfine French Merinos, 46 inches wide, at \$1 25 a

yard;

340 pieces assorted styles Dress Goods, all wool, at 75 cents

a yard;

Black Tulle and Dress Silks;

Colored and Figure Ribbed Dress Silks, (new);

Colored and Figure Ribbed Dress Silks, (new);

And hundreds of other kinds of Merchandise, comprising

an entire and complete stock of

DRY GOODS,

Together with a well selected assortment of

GENUINE FURS.

Ladies are hereby notified that although the prices

of Goods in the East have advanced to a great extent, we

will, in spite of all this, sell at 25 per cent. less than before.

Call and see for yourselves.

B. HAMBURGER & BRO.,

Nos. 306 & 308 SACRAMENTO STREET,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN

Fancy & Staple Dry Goods.

WE INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE

Trade to our large and well selected stock of

Goods, to which we are constantly receiving addi-

tions by every Steamer from New York.

We have a full supply of every article of

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

Men's Furnishing Goods,

MILLINERY GOODS,

YANKEE NOTIONS, &c.,

Which we offer at the lowest market prices.

B. HAMBURGER & BRO.,

306 and 308 Sacramento street,

Bet. Battery and Front.

No business transacted on Saturdays.

de25 tf

TEUBNER & HOFFMAN,

Show-Case

WAREROOMS,

NO. 431 KEARNY STREET,

Between Pine and California streets, San Francisco.

Show-Cases made in every style—Silver Plated,

Rosewood, Mahogany, Walnut, etc. Old Show-Cases

taken in exchange.

A. W. MICHELS, L. W. MICHELS,

San Francisco, New York.

(Formerly with J. & M. Goodman.)

A. W. MICHELS & BRO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

Ladies' and Gents'

Furnishing Goods,

FRENCH, ENGLISH & GERMAN

FANCY GOODS, SMALL WARES, &c.,

No. 429 Sacramento street.

de19 tf

REMEMBER THE PIONEER.

Second-Hand Clothing and Furniture

Bought and Sold.

WM. COHEN, 912 KEARNY STREET, Be-

tween Jackson and Pacific, pays the highest

prices, in cash, for CASH-OF every de-

scription, male or female. Also Suits, Hats, Fur-

nishes, Boots, Books, BLANKETS, JEWELRY, HATS,

etc.

Ladies will be attended to by Mrs. COHEN. All

orders punctually attended to.

P. S.—No business transacted from Friday, sun-

down, until Saturday, sundown. Private entrance

for ladies. Wm. Cohen has no connection with any

other store.

Meyer Mish's

Sample Rooms,

No. 420 COMMERCIAL STREET,

Bet. Sansome and Battery, SAN FRANCISCO.

BEST WINES AND LIQUORS,

Sold at Wholesale and Retail.

Orders for Wines and Liquors filled with

promptness and forwarded to any part of the city

free of charge.

de9-3m

TEETH!

Extracting Without Pain!

DRS. WHITCOMB & DYER,

Dentists,

NO. 205 THIRD STREET.

Teeth filled with Fine Gold Bone, and platinum, \$1,

\$2, \$3, and \$4, per cavity. All plate work made

and repaired on the best material, at the shortest

notice and WARRANTED. Sets from \$15, to \$30,

\$25, to \$40, \$50, to \$75.

None cheaper or better on this coast. Former

Patrons please give us a call.

oc14 tf

DR. BRUNS,

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,

434 California street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

Office Hours—From 10 to 11 A. M., from 7 to 8

and 7 to 8 P. M.

au5 tf

Miscellaneous.

O. F. von RHEIN & CO.,
Employment

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

105 Montgomery st., near Sutter, San Francisco.

Furnish all kinds of

Male and Female Help.

House Servants, Laborers, Mechanics, &c., &c.

Sell all kinds of Business Places for

Cash, Precious Partners, Col-

lect Rents, Let Houses,

Negotiate Loans,

&c., &c.

de18 tf

P. RICCI A. CELLA

RICCI & CO.,

Manufacturers of

Punch of all kinds,

And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

WINES & LIQUORS

Punch:

Tip-Top, Whisky, Cognac, Raspberry, Rum,

Ladies' Charm, Coffee, Chocolate,

Kirschwasser, Nectar, Flor-

ence Flavors, Stomach-

ic Bitters, Italian

Vermouth Wine,

Anti-Diarrhoe, Kimmel,

Appetizer (before dinner),

Pousse-Cafe (after dinner).

Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese Wines, Ale,

Porter, Champagne Cider (on draught

and in bottles), Lager Beer, Cordials,

Syrups and the Best Havana

Cigars.

534 Commercial street,

Bet. Montgomery and Leidesdorff.

San Francisco. de18 tf

H. HORSTMANN & CO.,

Importers and Manufacturers

OF

FURNITURE.

740 Washington street, opposite the Plaza

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND ARE

constantly receiving a fine assortment of Fur-

niture of the latest style, for the PARLOR, CHAMBER,

DINING ROOM, &c.

PARLOR SETS and SPRING MATTRESSES

made to order and warranted as represented.

H. HORSTMANN & CO.,

740 Washington street,

Opposite the Plaza.

de18 tf

Kihlmeyer's

MAMMOTH SALOON.

Ahead of Everything

It is a well established fact that Mr. Kihlmeyer spares

neither pains nor expense to provide for his guests. The

Saloon is too well known to waste many words in extol-

ling it. One feature is especially noteworthy: the Music fur-

nished cannot be excelled by any other establish-

ment in the city. Lovers of music can convince themselves

by listening to the performance of the following artists:

SOPHON FRIEDER, Pianist.

ALONZO HECKMAN, Violinist.

ALBERT BEADER, Cornetist.

de18 tf

SAALBURG & LEVY'S

EUREKA SALOON,

NORTHEAST CORNER OF

California and Montgomery Streets.

THE BEST KIND OF LIQUORS, WINES

and Cigars can only be had at the above estab-

lishment. One of Liebenfeld's Patent

Billiard Tables

Is attached to the Saloon. Caviar, Swiss and Lim-

burg Cheese always fresh on hand. Everybody is

sure to meet his friends at SAALBURG & LEVY'S

EUREKA SALOON. Call and judge for yourselves.

j129 3m

H. W. SCHMIDT,

CHEMIST

AND

Apothecary,

HAS MADE HIS SPECIAL

occupation to compound

Physician's Prescriptions, and for

that purpose constantly keeps on

hand the purest Drugs and Chemi-

cals, &c., at the

Cor. Kearny & Sacramento sts.

de13 tf

CHARLES S EATON'S

(Successor to Geo. W. Chapin & Co.)

EMPLOYMENT AND GENERAL AGENCY

OFFICE.

Lower Side of the Plaza, Near Clay Street,

SAN FRANCISCO

de2

FIRST PREMIUM

BOOTS.

F. OBERMAYER,

Late of the firm of Obermayer & Co., 251 Third

street, has opened a store at

279 CLAY STREET, OPPOSITE THE PLAZA.

WHERE HE IS PREPARED TO WAIT

on his old customers and all the new ones that

will patronize him. The gentlemen's boots, which

received the first premium at the last Mechanics'

Fair in San Francisco, were made by Obermayer &

Co. themselves and he believes that this is sufficient

to induce them to favor him with their orders.

Every kind of gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made

to order at the shortest notice, and the very best of

workmanship warranted.

no4-3m

MINERVA HALL,

BEER, WINE & BILLIARD SALOON

Cor. Kearny and California streets,

Up Stairs.

Army of the Sigel Rifles, Steuben Guard, San Fran-

cisco Trilliums, &c., &c.

COB KENNEL, Proprietor.

no4-3m

Dry Goods, &c.

Immense Stock

OF

Boys' and Youths' Suits

The Only Place in California where

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.'S

CELEBRATED

CLOTHING

CAN BE FOUND.

All the Latest Styles of our own manufacture

received by every Steamer.

Good Reliable Goods and Low Prices.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

624 Clay street.

de18 tf

L. RIPLEY C. H. KIMBALL,

RIPLEY & KIMBALL,

PIANOFORTE AND MELODEON

WAREROOMS,

NO. 417 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(UP STAIRS.)

OVER A. ROMAN'S BOOKSTORE,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Sole Agents for the following Celebrated

Manufacturers:

Hazleton & Bros., New York

Raven & Bacon, New York

W. P. Emerson, Boston

Edwards & Co., Portland, Maine

ALSO,

Carhart & Needham's Melodeons

and Parlor Organs.

Trade Supplied on reasonable Terms.

Purchasers please call and examine the Instru-

ments.

de2-3m

EMIL BERLINER,

TEACHER OF PIANO FORTE AND SINGING

IRVING HOUSE,

Corner of Mission and Anthony Streets.

oc29-3m

GRAND OPENING

OF THE

MONTGOMERY SALOON

WE BEG TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS AND

the public in general that we have taken charge

of the above saloon, situated on the corner of

Montgomery and Sacramento streets, which we will

open on Saturday evening next Oct. 29. The place

has been thoroughly renovated, and fitted up in an

elegant and handsome manner. It is our intention

to carry on business in a way that will combine re-

spectability with amusement. A sumptuous lunch

will be set daily, and nothing but the best of liquors

and cigars will be kept. The finest music in the

city will be found here, and we invite all who wish

to pass a pleasant evening to pay us a visit.

JOSEPH KOSTER,

PHILIP KRAFT,

oc28-1f

"Home, Sweet Home."

NO HOME OF TASTE IS COMPLETE

WITHOUT AN

Aquarium, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Case,

New and Rare Plants, Bulbs, and Seeds,

Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Wed-

